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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1913.

NO MILEAGE GRAB.

Democratic administration in congress has come clean again in avoiding a "mileage grab."

In the old days of republican administration of national affairs, it was customary to arrange adjournments between regular and special sessions, so that the members of congress would be able to go to the treasurer's office and draw out money for a round trip ticket home, at the rate of 20 cents per mile so as to include all possible expenses such as meals, sleeper, and a tip to the porter—although not one cent of the money might be actually spent in this way, and the members might not stir out of Washington.

The custom was always indefensible and in spirit at least was little different from grand larceny.

The "constructive adjournment" as told about in this newspaper by Gilson Gardner as voted once by a republican congress where the two sessions ran together without lapse of a minute, and yet the congressmen drew their $200,000 in mileage, was only a little more raw than others in the past.

Had Woodrow Wilson been a "political president," so anxious to get through certain measures he advocated that he would be willing to make unworthy compromises in order to conciliate opposition, he might have permitted certain congressmen who wanted an adjournment, to put their plan through. But Wilson and the majority of congress set their faces steadily against such a procedure and their act will be approved by good Americans of all parties.

There is just this justification on the other hand. The lower house of congress has had little to do since it sent the currency bill up to the senate, yet must remain in session marking time till the senate sends the bill back.

Many members of congress, unprepared for all summer and all fall sessions have had to make trips home at some expense to themselves to look after their business or to their political fences.

Quite a plausible case could be made out that the members of the lower house be allowed their mileage, even if the senators had not earned theirs. It was an opportunity to do some political trading between the two houses and for some sharp deals to be manipulated.

But congress as a whole took a high stand and the session passes with a clean record.

MORE PUBLICITY.

The tendency of the times, in the government of cities, and not only in the government of cities, but of the state and the nation, is less secrecy and a wider publicity for all official actions.

This therefore is one of the things that the next administration might well take up, among its reform measures, and, since it is never too late to begin, it is a reform which, forsooth, the present administration might do worse and to inaugurate, and hand it down as a keep-sake.

The suggestion is not made in criticism. According to what the citizens' party has promised, and we do not question its good intentions to deliver; South Bend is about to enter upon a new era of up-to-dated-ness, and the modern, up-to-date city, relegates secrecy and the "star chamber" to the limbo.

It is true that there are some phases of official discussion, such as sometimes take place in what South Bend calls "executive sessions" of the council, or of the board of public works, or board of public safety, that ought never to get into the public prints, but this can easily be avoided where confidence extends both ways.

Close confidential relations between the press and public officials, maintained in the interests of the public, has saved many a city administration from gross public suspicions, and served to keep the public much better informed on what an administration is doing, frequently to the administration's great credit.

Take Grand Rapids, Mich., for a passing example. In that city Mayor Ellis, following the waterworks scandal that came near emptying the city hall into the state prison a decade ago, laid down the rule that the city hall reporters should be admitted to all meetings of all boards, and even of council committees. The reporters met and discussed the budget with the board of estimates. If anything happened which, if made public, might work to the detriment of the city, the reporters were asked to keep quiet about it and failure to do so meant the future exclusion of the reporter violating the rule.

After this manner public officials and newspapers co-operated for the best interests of the city, were always in each other's confidence, and while all the papers occasionally criticised, and as frequently commended, there seemed to be no such thing in Grand Rapids as an administration or opposition newspaper, by dent of political or news lines.

In an administration like Mayor-Elect Keller has been chosen to carry out—a non-partisan citizen administration,—why not go the limit, and take the public into full confidence, non-partisanizing and citizenizing the press; that daily reflector of passing events which is the public's chief source of information.

THE LUCK OF IT.

Miss Huntington, who is to marry Vincent Astor, "the richest young man in the world", is called "the luckiest girl in the world".

It seems to be a case of luck. Vincent is lucky in being heir to about $70,000,000 and the girl is lucky in attracting him to the point of marriage.

What's the sense in monkeying with eugenics? Let's have a test of pure luck! Vincent never worked, and he says his intended has "practically spent her life outdoors at tennis, golf or riding". Figuratively speaking, it is grasshopper mated with grasshopper.

It is a love match? Sure! And they'll be luckier than ever before in their lives if it doesn't turn out grasshopper love-ephemeral. The love that must always dance in the sunshine, or chirp in the sweet grasses is tomorrow a dried, empty shell. The love worth while never has all the luxuries of life at its call, but it loyally bears burdens of self-sacrifice and obligation. The love that endures denies itself and grows on mutual struggle, not on complete satiety. The happiest mates are those who have had to build for themselves. "We earned it!" is the triumphant exclamation of mutual bliss.

The man who picks a rose off a bush may enjoy its perfume and beauty for a time but the real happiness lives with the fellow who planted, cultivated, irrigated and fought the bugs and thereby earned the perfect flower.

The love that knows not mutual struggle, denial, failure and success, mutual climbing upward, knows no ties that bind heart to heart to withstand life's tests, but, in a brief season, is very, very apt to become like the burnt, vacant shell of the grasshopper that was so careless and happy in the summer that has passed.

WHY NOT RAIN CHECKS?

Times have changed.

When a tribe of "hos-tyle" Indians will decide not to swoop down on the cowering whites with bowie knife and scalping irons because it's too rainy to raise cain comfortably, we must conclude that we have fallen on degenerate days.

What would Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face and Geronimo say if they could come back from the Land of the Great Spirits and see their followers give up the battle because they didn't have umbrellas and goloshes?

Why the Indians in the moving pictures would have done better than that.

Other Indian battlees have been broken up by the superior force of the white men and their better firearms, but this proposed battle of Beautiful mountain is perhaps the first one in history to be called off on account of rain.

That roar coming from the east like the mob scene in "Julius Caesar" is the celebration by dressmakers, tailors, caterers, and social climbers over the news that Wilson has called off the New Year's ball. That is their way of expressing their feelings. Outside of Washington and its "600" the incident won't make much stir except that the country at large will nod its approval of its great president's refusing to be diverted from his very important and very arduous duties.

Whatever they may say about Hetty Green, no one can charge that wealth has spoiled her. Son Eddie, too, is not wasting much time or money in the gay social whirl or on Broadway.

Bill Happ as a baseball magnate is a new manifestation of the versatility of our well known townsman. However if he helps brings a ball club to South Bend we'll vote to let him pitch the first ball next spring.

SCISSORED.

All British coins are legal tender in Canada.

There are twenty-eight pounds of blood in the body of an average grown-up person.

The great mass of steel in the buildings of lower New York is said to affect the compasses of the vessels approaching the city.

The largest steel ingot ever cast was recently produced in England. It weighed 150 tons, was 23 1-2 feet long and 80 inches wide.

In ten years the average cost of Canadian farm labor a week has increased from $5.75 to $7.16.

The sky reflection of the lights of London has been seen in favorable weather fifty miles distant.

A youth named Abdul Latiff was arrested at Calcutta for having climbed up a water pipe 120 feet long, in order to hold converse with his sweetheart.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.

(Continued from Friday.)

CHAPTER XV.

I Said It, and I Will.

A rushing mountain stream—white-veiled in the falling, black-brown in the foam-flecked pools—tumbled, splashed, brawled down the mountain; the mountain hung over, shadowy; banks of fern held the rampant brook in chains of green. Alixe and Francois, riding slowly in the coolness of the road below, looked up and saw it all, familiar, beautiful, full of old associations.

"One misses Pietro," Francois said. "He always wanted to ride past the 'Trou du Gouverneur'."

A Roman legend had given this name to the deep pool of the brook by the road; it was said that the cruel old governor had used it, two thousand years back, for drowning refractory peasants. Alixe gazed steadily at the dark murmuring water.

"Yes, one misses him. Is life like that, do you supose, Francois? One grows up with people, and they get to be as much a part of living as the air, or one's hands—and then, suddenly, one is told that they are going away. And that ends it. One must do without air, without hands. What a world, Francois!"

"We are not meant to like it too much, I believe, Alixe," said Francois sunnily. "It is just en passant, this world, when you stop to consider. The real business will come, I suppose, when we are moved on a step farther. Friendships and separations will not seem so badly arranged then, probably. This is school, this life, I gather. My mother says it is not very important if one has a good seat in the schoolroom or a bad; if one sits near one's playmates or is sent to another corner, so long as one is a good child and works heartily at one's lessons. It is only for a day—and then we go home, where all that is made right. Not a bad idea of my mother's, is it, Alixe?"

"Your mother is a wonderful woman," Alixe answered thoughtfully. "She lives like that. She never let things trouble her, not even when your father lost everything. Did she, Francois?"

"No," said Francois. "She is one of the few people who know what the real things are and live in them. It is hard to do that. I can not. I care so bitterly for what I want. It is"—Francois hesitated—"it is very hard for me to give up—what I want." He stumbled over the words; his voice shook so that Alixe shifted in the saddle and looked at him inquiringly.

"Francois! Is anything wrong? Must you give up something?"

Francois laughed then and patted the brown arching neck of Capitaine, successor to Coq. "Everybody must give up things; and renunciation is the measure of strength," he said with twenty-year-old generalization, yet with a light in his face which might have been the smiling of an aged saint. "You were talking about Pietro," he went on rapidly; "about our separation from him, our good old Pietro! I do miss him. Yet that was inevitable from the beginning. That was life. Pietro is Italian; he has his place over there"—and he nodded to where far-off Italy might lie. "He is a man, Pietro, every inch, already. He has gone to fill his place, as quietly, as unhesitatingly as he will do everything that comes to him."

"Everything that comes to him—yes." Alixe spoke a little scornfully. "But—Francois—he does not go very fast to meet the things that come to him."

Francois' eyes flashed at her. "You have never been fair to Pietro, Alixe."

"Not fair?" Alixe interrupted, and laughed.

"No, not fair," repeated the boy. "You do not seem to see what he is—a heart of gold, a wall of rock. It is not his way to talk much, but he has great qualities."

"What?" asked Alixe.

"What!" Francois repeated. "You to ask that! You know as well as I that Pietro is a Bayard—without fear and without reproach. He is unchanging as the ocean—he is to be believed in his slightest word. You know that it would be a commonplace for Pietro to be killed rather than play false to the smallest trust. He is a fanatic of reliability."

"You make him out a slow worthy person," said Alixe, and drew up the horse's bridle. "You can respect a man with all those sterling qualities, but—he isn't very—dashing to be like that. Is he? I like a man to have initiative—some gift of leadership."

Francois looked at her sternly. "Dashing! Initiative! Do you remember, Alixe, what it is that Pietro has done? Do you realize that Italy is in the stress of a desperate struggle for liberty? That a forlorn fight against the power of the Austrians is on her hands, and that Pietro went back at eighteen to take his part with the patriots? Do you realize what danger that means? Danger not only of death, but of worse, of years of imprisonment in some dungeon. Noblemen of higher rank than Pietro are living in chains there now. It is our playmate Pietro who is facing this—Pietro, who has breathed the free air and ridden with us through this valley for so many years. He realizes it. He went with his eyes open. His family are marked; he will be a leader against the Austrians; he will be one of the first to be punished if the Austrians conquer—and they are very strong. He went back to Italy to a lonely life, to a life of intense effort and activity and danger, as quietly as if he were going back to school. And you, you whom"—Francois stopped—and went on—"you whom he loves better than any one in the world—wrong him."

By now Alixe was half sobbing. "How horrid you are, Francois! You jump at conclusions. You are not the only person who cares for Pietro. I do not wrong him—not in my thoughts. I abused him to you on purpose. I wanted to see what you would say for him. One does that. If one—really cares—for a person, one has a right. It is not disloyalty; I could abuse my father—I could say any horrid thing I chose, and not a word, not a shadow of a thought, would be disloyal, because I love him so that it would all be nothing compared to that. I know Pietro is brave; I know he has gone into danger—is it so very bad, Francois? But—I am irritated often with Pietro—because you are always the hero. It is always you who do the brave thing, and it is easy for every one to—to adore you, Francois. You seem only to smile at a person and they—they care for you. And Pietro is just—quiet and reliable. It isn't fair for you to have—everything." There were tears in her eyes now, and a quiver in her voice, and the last word was punctuated by an indignant sob.

"Alixe—dear"—then Francois stopped. "You need not be afraid that I shall have more than Pietro," he began uncertainly. "For it is not going to be so. He will have what—what I would give my life for." Then he hurried on. "I see how it is," he said gently, "and you are right to care so loyally for Pietro. He is worth it. And you must never care less, Alixe—never forget him because he has gone away. He will come back." The boy spoke with effort, slowly, but Alixe was too much occupied with her own tumultuous thoughts to notice. "He will surely come back and—belong to you more than ever. He will come back distinguished and covered with honors, perhaps, and then—and then—Alixe, do you see the chestnut tree at the corner that turns to the chateau? It is a good bit of soft road—we will race to that tree—shall we? And then I will tell you something."

(To be continued Monday.)

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE

HELEN WANTED SO MUCH TO MAKE WARREN HAPPY.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen hurried down the street towards the subway station, her eyes shining and a bright coloring in her cheeks. Dinner with Warren at a fashionable restaurant and the theater afterwards—was what the even held for her.

It was not often that they dined out now, and she looked forward to this with all the more pleasure because of its infrequency. She had put Winifred to sleep and left her safe in Delia's care. And now she hurried down to meet Warren, free to enjoy the evening that lay before them.

He had said he would meet her at the Thirty-Third st. subway station at 6 o'clock. That would give them time to dine at their leisure and still be at the theater at 8.

It was just twenty minutes to 6 by the clock in a drug store window. She had more than enough time. But she always was very prompt in her appointments with Warren. She would always rather wait for him than have him wait for her. He was very apt to grow irritable if he were kept waiting, and she wanted this evening to be unmarred by any impatience or irritability. She wanted it to be a happy outing. It had been so long since they had had one.

Togged Out in Her Best.

She had dressed with unusual care and had a pleasant consciousness that she was looking very well. Her brown velvet suit was most becoming. And there was always an air of delicacy of appealing femininity about Helen, which was one of her chief charms.

And now, when she entered the crowded subway car, and a man rose instantly to give her a seat. She thanked him with a gracious smile.

Helen was the type of woman who rarely had to stand.

It was just five minutes to six when she left the car at the Thirty-Third st. station. She waited happily, walked up and down the platform, adjusted her hat as she passed the mirror in the penny-in-the-slot machine, and read the advertisement along the wall.

She smiled at the moustache some mischievous boy had penciled on the pretty girl advertising a tooth paste. She re-read the claims of health and long life promised to every wearer of a certain advertised article.

It was 6 o'clock now, by the clock over the ticket window. She began watching for Warren as the trains drew in on the other side. While of course he would come from down town, he had often told her, whenever she met him, at any subway or elevated station, to stay on the other side and he would cross over to her.

From where she stood she could see through each car as it drew up to the opposite platform. Every train brought a crowd of people who rushed through the station and disappeared up the stairs. But Warren was not among them.

Ten—fifteen minutes past six! Helen was growing restless and a little anxious. Twenty-five of seven! Could something have happened?

Should she go back home, where she could be reached by telephone? What if he were hurt and they were trying to send for her now? There was no way any message could come up here. The clock now pointed to a quarter of seven. She would wait for one more train.

The man at the ticket window was watching her curiously. She caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror of the slot machine. How pale she was!

So Here You Are.

With a little scream she turned to find Warren beside her. He had come down the stairs from the street.

She clutched his arm. For a moment she could not speak.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" She was almost sobbing. "Oh, dear, what kept you so—where have you been?"

"Where have I been?" angrily. "I've been at the Thirty-Third st. elevated station at the elevated since 6 o'clock—just where I said I'd be!"

"The elevated?" weakly.

"I said the elevated this morning as plainly as I could."

"Oh, Warren I couldn't have made such a mistake."

"It seems that you could and did. I was just about to go home when it occurred to me that it would be just like you to make some fool mistake like this, so I thought I'd come by here and——"

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! I was sure you said the subway. Oh, you know how sorry I am!"

"Well, it won't help to be sorry," impatiently. "You've succeeded in making a fine mess of the evening. It's 7 now."

"You mean we won't have time for dinner?" fearfully.

"Not at any decent place. We'll have to go to some quick lunch room—that's all there is time for. Come, let's get out of here." as he saw the ticket agent watching them with much interest.

Helen followed him up the subway steps to the street. And she had so wanted this to be a happy evening.—an evening free from all irritation and discords. And no—Oh, why must things so often happen wrong.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Col. Roosevelt starts on his hunting trip just in time. Uncle Sam is almost out of meat.—Chicago News.

Also, it may be inferred, the income-tax law will stop some of this infernal bragging.—Philadelphia North American.

A New York woman has been sent to jail for beating her husband. Another long step in the direction of sex equality.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some call him "Farmer Bryan", because of his habit of making hay while the sun shines.—Atlanta Constitution.

Thursday is suggested as Fire Prevention day. Sunday, however, will still be preferred in the churches.—New York Evening Sun.

There is a hint for Pres. Wilson in Pres. Huerta's arrest of congressmen who oppose his policy.—Philadelphia Record.

The income tax is a funny thing. Every man who pays it objects and every one who doesn't wishes he did.—Florida Times-Union.

The Chinese parliament has confirmed Yuan Shi Kai's selection of himself as president of the republic.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It will be time enough for Pres. Yuan to organize a progressive party in China when he has had his two terms.—Boston Transcript.

The trouble about grand opera in English is that there are so few persons in New York who will be able to understand it.—Boston Transcript.

It may be that Mr. Elionsky, who swam fourteen miles with his arms and legs tied, is training to dress in the upper berth of a Pullman.—New York Press.

It is reported that Col. Roosevelt is likely to encounter the cannibal Mangeromas Indians in South America. The cannibal that eats the colonel will regret. He agrees with very few people, even when alive.—Kansas City Journal.

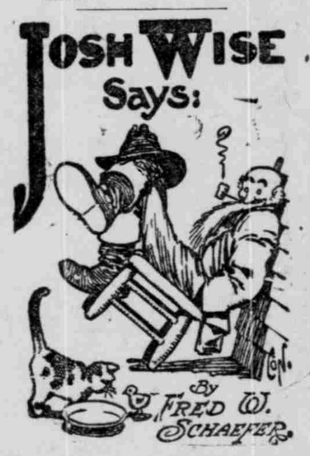
THE SACRIFICE.

By Berton Braley.

Mabel will go to a finishing school
Because it's the proper stunt,
Where they'll teach her the latest social rule
And train her to throw a front;
She'll learn to fawn on the rich and proud,
And frown on the poor and meek,
She'll learn to go with the "nicest Crowd"
Whose purses are fat and sleek.

Mabel will go to a finishing school
Where they'll finish her girlish ways
And make her a poseur, calm and cool,
For the rest of her earthly days;
They'll finish her natural bubbling charm,
They'll polish and tone her down,
Till instead of a girl with a heart that's warm,
She's a queen in a Paris gown.

Mabel will go to a finishing school
Where they'll finish her off for fair,
And idols of gold her life will rule
When Mabel comes out of there;
She's sacrificed to the gods of caste
And our hearts with anguish throb,
Mabel will go to a finishing school,
And they'll make her a first class snob!



"Hearin' that aigrettes aren't allowed to come into the country any more, Mort Fridemush declares th' immigration laws ought to go a step further and bar every other southern European nationality."

Women employed in the textile industry in Germany are in a majority over the men, there being 400,000 females as against 371,000 men. In the clothing industry the women outnumber the men with 228,000 to 97,000 men.

Made for exhibition purposes, the largest shoe ever built is 7 1-2 feet high, and contains ninety square feet of upper leather and eighty pounds of sole leather.